

The Children's Newspaper, Week Ending December 29, 1956

OUR FRIEND THE ROBIN—See page 5

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

No. 1971, December 29, 1956

❖ ❖ ❖ Wishing You All a Happy Christmas ❖ ❖ ❖

BEHIND THE WHEEL AT 180 MPH

Stirling Moss describes the thrills of driving in a thousand-mile race

One of the most gruelling events in the racing-car calendar is the Mille Miglia, the thousand-mile race through Italy which is an endurance test for men and machines alike. It was won last year by Stirling Moss, in company with Denis Jenkinson, and in this article he gives some impressions of the nerve-racking experience.

OF all the trees in Italy, there are two I will always remember. One sent me to hospital; the other saved my life.

I hit the first tree during the Naples Grand Prix, six years ago. I was passing another car when the driver swung out and his hub cap burst one of my front tyres. There was nothing I could do about it. My car swung round and hit a tree. I was two teeth short and my knee was broken.

But this year, in the Mille Miglia, I was saved by a tree.

I had passed Pescara and was approaching Rome when my car skidded, ran up a 12-foot bank, and smashed its way through a wall and a wooden fence guarding an almost precipitous drop to the valley 400 feet below.

At the last moment it hit a tree. It was about the only tree in sight, but we hit it and stopped, and I climbed out unhurt.

It's a curious thing about high-

speed motor racing: you don't feel frightened when things like that happen to you.

When I set out for a race, I normally have no thought in my mind that I may crash. I don't expect to frighten myself with my own driving. (Anyway, not too often!) But the most experienced driver sometimes makes a mistake or finds a slippery patch on a wet road.

POWERFUL DEMON

When that happens, you suddenly find that you're at the wheel of a powerful demon which is doing everything you don't want it to do.

No, you aren't afraid. Everything happens so quickly that you haven't got time to be afraid. You react automatically—without thinking. And that's where experience is so valuable.

These reactions are based on the experiences gained in the past. Without conscious thinking, you take a course of action which you hope will prove to be the very best way to get the car back under control.

A FEW SECONDS

It's only when you have won the battle—and it may have ended in victory or defeat in a few seconds—that you get a physical reaction to the danger: hands tingle, you are sweating, and there's a sinking feeling in your stomach. You suddenly think of what *might* have happened.

Few people who watch motor-racing realise the tremendous power in the cars which roar round the circuits. Perhaps I can help you to understand it.

A racing-car can reach 100 miles an hour in well under ten seconds, from a standing start. By contrast, the average 12 h.p. car reaches 60 miles an hour in 25-30 seconds.

When Denis Jenkinson and I won the Mille Miglia last year, our average speed was 98 miles an

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Hark, the Glad Sound!

As a casket to contain the jewels of choral singing there is nothing finer than the stone vaulting of our cathedrals. The young choristers of Gloucester, rehearsing carols under the lovely fan tracery of the famous cloisters, make the perfect Christmas picture.

MONKEYS UP TO LARKS

Soon after a London pet shop was closed recently the monkeys decided on a grand lark. Ten of them managed to get out of their cage and went round releasing about 20 monkeys from other cages. Then the fun began, while the quieter animals and birds looked on in amazement.

The romp was still in full swing that evening when the lady arrived whose job was to feed the animals. A scene of uproar and confusion confronted her. The capering

monkeys had played havoc with the shop, and three of them stared at her impudently from the wreckage.

She sent for the manager, who rounded up most of the truants—they had had their romp and were ready for bed.

But five of the monkeys were still troublesome, and refused to be caught, darting under the counter and up onto the shelves with loud shrieks, and another three seemed to have got out of the building altogether.

ODDS AND ENDS FOR BOW BELLS

The Rev. Hugh Evan Hopkins, rector of "Bow Bells" Church—St. Mary-le-Bow in Cheapside, London—recently organised a strange "sale of work" held in the church porch. Among the goods on view were brooms, brushes, pots of paint, "slimming" bread, umbrellas, upholstery material, car polish, weed-killer, and baby clothes. All were gifts, and well over £300 was raised for the good cause.

Mr. Hopkins expects the Bow Bells Appeal Fund to benefit still further from the visit to America of the former Lord Mayor, Sir Cuthbert Ackroyd, who did so much during his term of office to raise funds and has promised to return bringing gifts in cash or in kind.

MAN IN CHARGE OF THE FUEL

By the CN Political Correspondent

A man constantly in the news in these days of petrol rationing is Mr. Aubrey Jones, 45-year-old Minister of Fuel and Power. He is the man in control, not only of oil, but of coal, gas, electricity, and nuclear energy, on which our very survival as a trading nation so largely depends.

FIRST, about power. British industry cannot live without it, as cuts in our oil and petrol supplies show. Up to now it has relied chiefly on two natural products, coal and oil.

But coal, though we shall need it for many years yet, is not now being obtained in the quantities we need. And oil supplies, owing to difficulty in the Middle East, are precarious.

Mr. Jones, who had held no political office until he was promoted straight from the back benches to the Ministry of Fuel a year ago, may therefore win a world reputation as Britain's "Mr. Atom."

For his main task is now to push on with a massive programme aimed at creating a maximum number of nuclear power stations in the shortest possible time. Even then it will be some years before British industry is run by "the atom."

BACK-BENCH TO MINISTRY

This Minister, who is still young as a politician, may well go down to history as one of the men who ushered Britain into the Atomic Age and kept her to the forefront as an atomic Power.

Twelve months ago he was a Conservative back-bencher, unassuming almost to the point of shyness. But it caused little surprise when Sir Anthony Eden promoted him direct to a senior Ministry.

Indeed, he was and is regarded as a pure example of the private enterprise system for which the Tories stand. Here was a miner's son who had overcome every



Mr Aubrey Jones

obstacle to achieve success, in more senses than one.

Mr. Jones was born at Merthyr Tydfil in November 1911. He won a scholarship to Cyfartha Secondary School there. Cyfartha means, in Welsh, "the place of the barking dog," and was famous for its great iron works in the early days of railways.

In his youth Merthyr, in common with all other coal and steel towns, fell upon evil times. The Great Depression cast its shadow over the coalfield. Men were to be found more often out of work than in it.

Socialists attributed this to the bad distribution of wealth, and there seemed every reason for young Aubrey Jones to become a Socialist, especially when he won a scholarship to the London School of Economics and studied under the great Socialist professor, Harold Laski.

Even this breeding-ground of Left-wing thinkers did not make him a Socialist. He became a Conservative.

During the last war he served in the Intelligence branch of the immortal Eighth Army in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy. But before the war he had spent some time in Geneva and in Germany, where he came under the influence of Pastor Niemöller, the priest who fearlessly opposed the Nazis.

After the war his thoughts turned to politics. He first sought a seat in Parliament at the age of 35, but, being unsuccessful, turned to journalism. Meanwhile, he made some political reputation by urging upon Conservative conferences resolutions which turned into that party's historic Industrial and Imperial Charters.

EXPERT ON STEEL

At last, in 1950, he became M.P. for Hall Green, Birmingham. By that time he was an acknowledged expert on the steel industry, and by 1955 had taken over the general directorship of British Iron and Steel Federation.

During the five years at Westminster before he became a Minister he never asked a question in the House. The reason was a chat he had at a Speaker's dinner for the Queen (then Princess Elizabeth) with Sir Frederic Metcalfe, then Clerk of the Commons. That was in 1950.

Sir Frederic asked Mr. Jones why he had tabled no questions for Question Hour. He replied that he was overawed by the procedure.

"I wouldn't bother about questions," said Sir Frederic. "Lloyd George and Sir Winston Churchill never asked questions when they got into the House."

Perhaps Mr. Jones wishes other M.P.s would follow this advice, for today he is one of the most persistently questioned Ministers.

BEHIND THE WHEEL AT 180 MPH

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hour—but that meant at times we reached 180 miles per hour. Of course, we made notes about the route so that we knew what to expect round the next corner, or

over the brow of each hill, but there was no guarantee that round the next bend we would not find a few stray cattle, or a hay-cart meandering along. And I still remember the moment when we

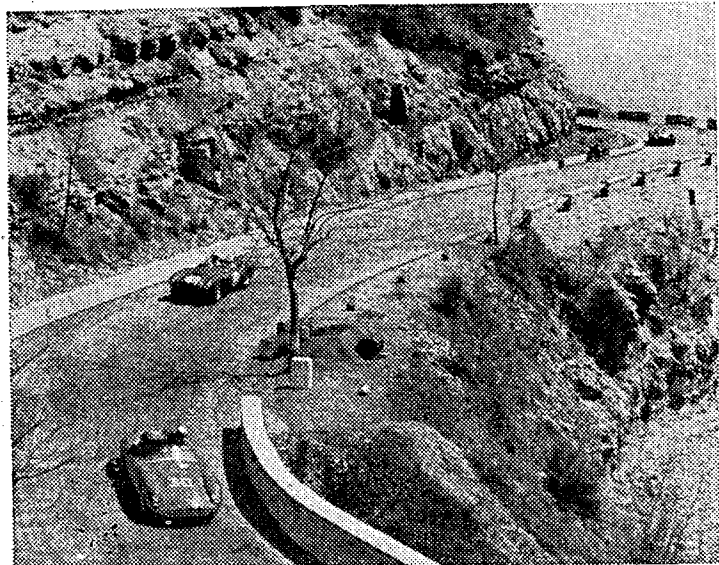
took a hump-backed bridge at 170 m.p.h.—and the car was airborne for about eighty yards!

You get an excellent idea of these added dangers in the new British film, *Checkpoint*, for the race scenes were shot during this year's Mille Miglia. They give a splendid idea of what some of these Continental road races are like, with spectators jumping with excitement on the sides of the roads as the cars flash by.

Watching this film, I found myself picking out the famous car drivers by their driving styles. Some sit well back; some crouch over the wheel; some look relaxed; some seem to be concentrating—like Peter Collins, for instance. Mike Hawthorn is a big man who fills the driving seat so that he seems to be crouching forward.

Believe me, driving in that race is a most nerve-racking experience!

(*Checkpoint*, made at Pinewood Studios by the Rank Organisation, features Anthony Steel and Odile Versois. It is due to be released next month.)



One of the many dangerous bends in the long course

News from Everywhere

TV AT SEA

A fund has been started in Great Yarmouth to provide television sets for the crews of lightships off the Norfolk coast.

Two undergraduates who tried to beat the Oxford to Westminster canoeing record were forced to give up two miles from the end. Their canoe was leaking.

West Berlin policemen on traffic duty at night now wear a ring of small lamps round their waist.

MORE ELECTRICITY

A second reactor at Calder Hall is now producing electricity for the National Grid.

Wild deer which have roamed for nearly 1000 years in Cannock Chase, Staffordshire, are to be controlled by the Forestry Commission. The purpose is to improve the herd and prevent damage to young trees.

Christmas pudding has been stirred by turning the ship's wheel of H.M.S. Sultan, the Navy's engineering school at Gosport, Hampshire. The trainees themselves devised a system of cogs, rods, and shafts to mix the 184 lb pudding which will be served to 432 sailors.

Her snowman



Gillian Badcock of Staines, Middlesex is a promising artist and has had a painting accepted for the Children's Academy. Here we see her at work on something specially seasonable.

In the Yorkshire village of Barby, near Selby, a Border terrier and a young fox are sharing the same kennel. Rusty the terrier and "Foxy" are the best of friends.

Trans-World Airlines are giving Scottish names to five of their new airliners. They are Star of Aberdeen, Star of Inverness, Star of Stirling Castle, Star of Balmoral, and Star of Edinburgh.

GUIDES ON A VISIT TO THE PHILIPPINES



In the party is 18-year-old Margaret Thomson, Queen's Guide of Wembley, Middlesex, who hopes to add to her collection of souvenirs during the trip

Ten British Guides aged between 16 and 20 have set out on an exciting voyage. They are sailing to the Philippines in the Dutch liner *Oranje* to represent this country at the World Guide Camp which is being held near Quezon City from January 19 to February 2.

On their voyage they will spend a few days with the Guides of Singapore, where they are due on January 7. Later they will be entertained in the homes of Philippine Girl Scouts before going on to Quezon.

The camp itself will be a novel experience. Instead of the usual tents, the girls will have huts made of bamboo slats and logs covered

with dried coconut leaves. Here some 1000 Guides from many lands will make friends with one another.

The first camp of its kind to be held in the Philippines, it is one of four arranged during 1957 to celebrate the centenary of Robert Baden-Powell's birth. There will be another great camp in Windsor Great Park, and two others, in Canada and Switzerland, during July and August.

The British girls' thrills will not end at Quezon; they are to come home by air, and will break their journey by staying for a few days with Hong Kong Guides on the way.

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RED INDIAN GIRL WHO CAME TO ENGLAND

A public garden is to be laid out in the churchyard of St. George's Chapel of Unity at Gravesend, and it may be called Pocahontas Gardens, after the Red Indian princess who was buried in this chapel in 1617.

Daughter of Powhattan, a powerful Red Indian chief, Pocahontas has a place in history because, according to an account written for James I's queen, she saved the life of John Smith, leader of an English colony in Virginia. She came into history at the moment when John Smith was in peril of having his brains dashed out by the clubs of Powhattan's braves. Pocahontas interposed her head to save the white man's. Thanks to her mediation, peace

was established between the Red Indians and the English.

She fell in love with the man she had saved, but when he returned to England, badly injured by a gunpowder explosion, she was told he was dead. Later she married another of the colonists, John Rolfe.

Now Mrs. Rolfe, Pocahontas came to England with her husband in 1616, and quite by chance met John Smith in London. The Red Indian girl was overcome with emotion, and tradition has it that the shock of seeing the man she thought to be dead broke her heart. She slowly faded away, and on May 2, 1617, died of tuberculosis, almost on the eve of leaving Gravesend for home.

SKIPPER SAYS FAREWELL

The skipper of the liner Queen Mary has retired after nearly half a century at sea. Captain Donald Sorrell, who took command of the giant liner five years ago, recently walked down her gangway for the last time. The sailor was home from the sea.

A former swimming champion, he started his career in 1909 as an apprentice under sail, and has since served in no fewer than 22 Cunarders, commanding several of them. His most famous exploit, which made seafaring history, was carried out during a New York strike in 1953, when he brought the Queen Mary safely into dock without the aid of pilot or tugs.

SCOUT VC FOR A RHODESIAN BOY

The Cornwell Badge has been presented to an 18-year-old Rhodesian Boy Scout, Phillip Handford.

Paralysed by polio for two years, Phillip has undergone several operations, but undaunted he has learned the Morse code and also mastered the use of a typewriter with the aid of a peg fitted to his right hand.

The award, presented by the Governor and Chief Scout of Southern Rhodesia, was made "in recognition of Scout Handford's high standard of character and devotion to duty under great suffering."

YOUNG TREE-PLANTERS

Schoolchildren from Pershore, Evesham, and Bredon have planted 1600 young trees at the Pershore Institute of Horticulture.

Other children have already planted more than 22,000 trees in various parts of Worcestershire. It has given them a share in their county's afforestation scheme, as well as a new interest in trees.

ACCENT ON SPACE

An exciting menu for children has been produced by a big Sydney restaurant.

It offers such fare as stratosphere sandwiches, flying saucers (bread and butter), rocket shakes, and Jupiter jelly; all things space-minded children can usually find space for.

PRAIRIE DOGS AT WHIPSNADE

Five prairie marmots, also called prairie dogs or barking squirrels, have arrived at Whipsnade Zoo from the Philadelphia Zoo.

These attractive little animals bark like dogs, belong to the squirrel family, and live in burrows. In fact, they add burrow to burrow on the North American prairie until a great colony, sometimes extending over 200 acres, is established.

Such a colony is as well organised as that of the ant. The little creatures raise mounds about two feet high, on which sentries sit watchfully erect while the rest are feeding. At the first sign of danger a vigilant look-out gives a warning bark, and in an instant all the other marmots are safely back in their burrows.

PIGEON RESCUER'S REWARD

Kindness to an exhausted racing pigeon earned an exciting holiday in London for 14-year-old John Cope, of Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire.

Young John found the pigeon on an allotment; it was in a bad way but he nursed it back to health. Then, from its leg ring, traced the owner, Mr. Arnold Fry, of Battersea, and eventually returned the bird to him.

Delighted at recovering his prize racer, Mr. Fry invited John to London at his expense, met him at King's Cross, and took him to the annual dinner of his Flying Club. As a parting gift, Mr. Fry gave John three pigeons from his loft to take home to Yorkshire.

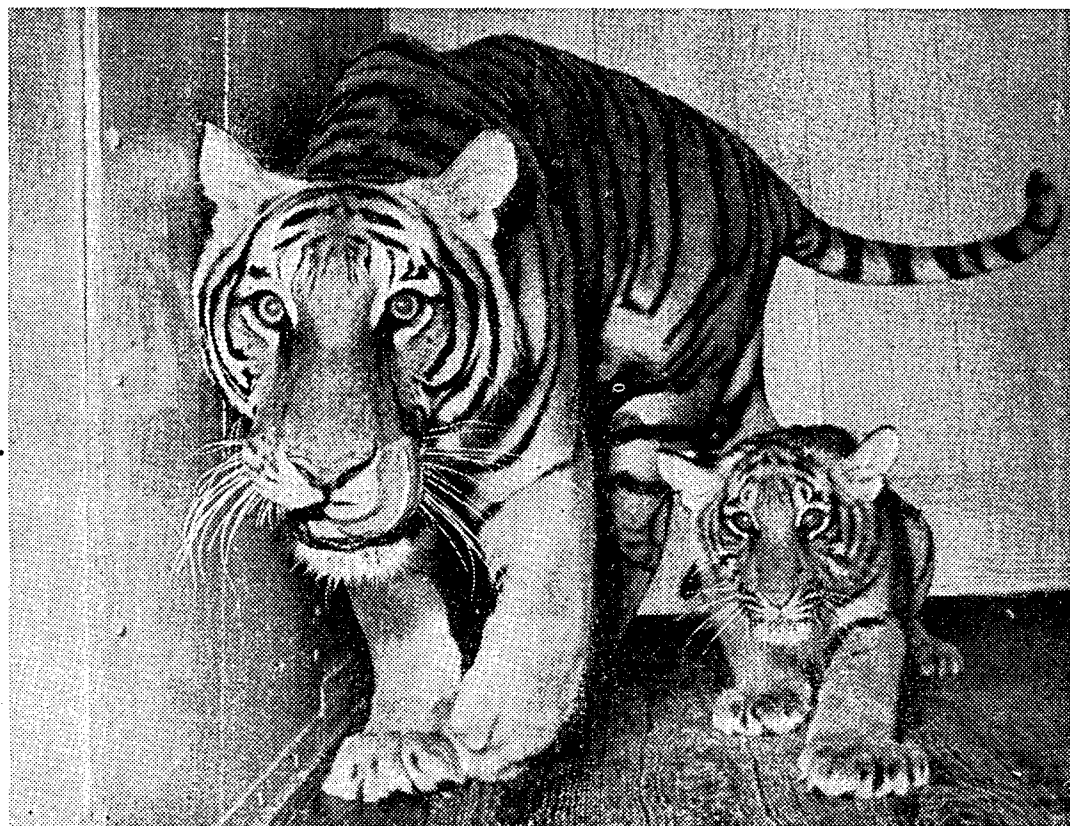
NEW AIR LABEL

Collectors of labels will be interested to learn that the 74 airlines of the International Air Transport Association will soon use new labels on their air cargo.

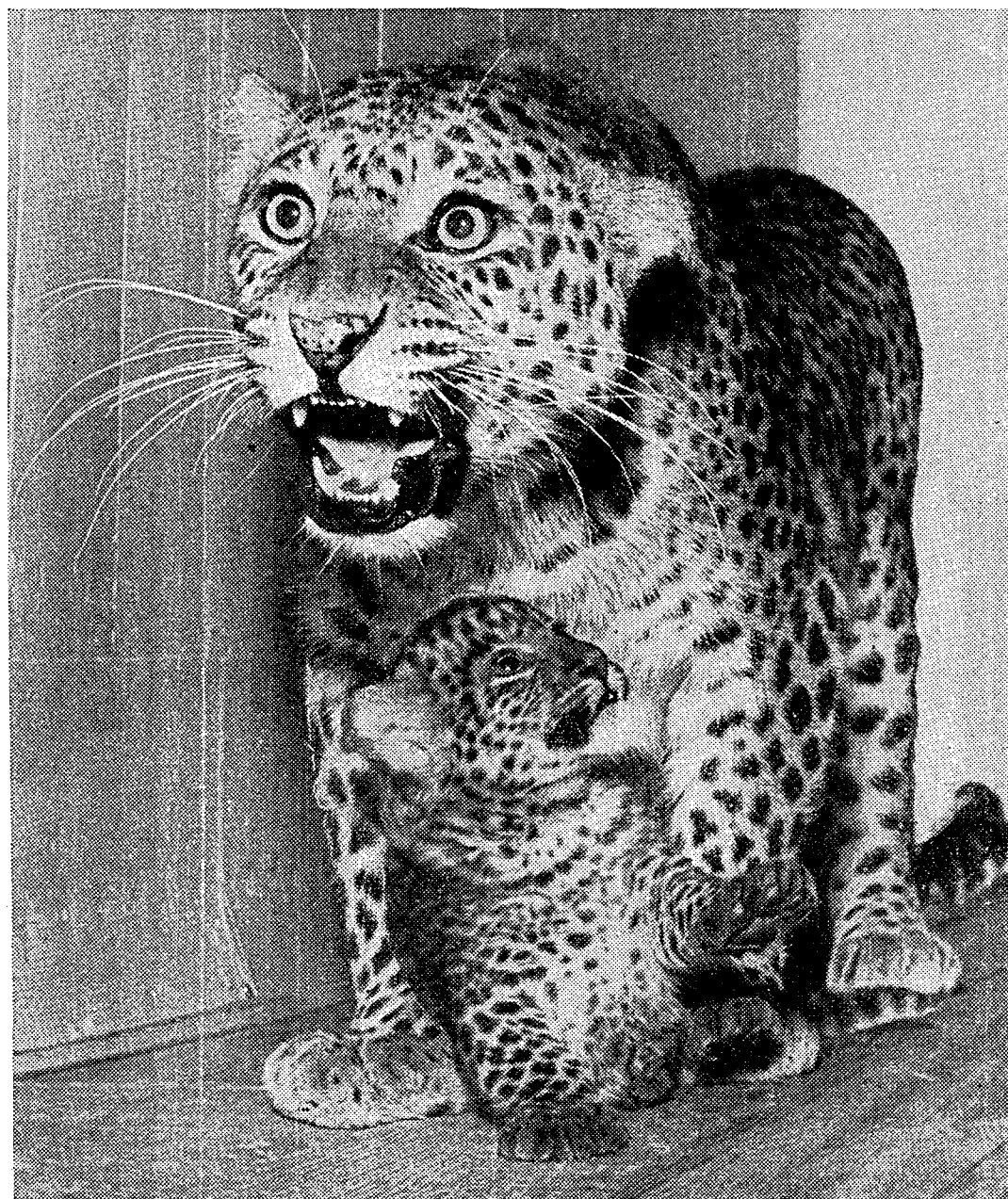
The label for perishable goods will show a carcass of beef, a cluster of grapes, a fish, and a flower surrounded by an hour glass with its sand running out.

Fragile goods will be symbolised by a wineglass, with a wide arrowhead signifying "this side up."

TAKING CARE OF THE BABY



FIRST STEPS—A tiger cub has to put its best foot forward in order to keep pace with mother



INTRUDER BEWARE—This leopard cub certainly has nothing to fear while mother is around

Two fine camera studies from Copenhagen Zoo

If we could hear and see the radio and television waves pulsing through the air this Christmas before they reached the receivers at home, what a rich mixture would fill the sky! Like Caliban in Shakespeare's *Tempest*, each one of us could say: "The clouds, methought, would open and show riches ready to drop upon me."

YOUR HOLIDAY HIGHLIGHTS OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

On Christmas Day

ON Christmas Day radio begins with a Home Service broadcast of church bells throughout the Kingdom, and the bells of the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem. Then Christmas Round Britain points the way to the crowning radio event in the afternoon, the annual Round-the-World programme and the Queen broadcast-

the Madrigal Group of the George Dixon Grammar School for Boys, Birmingham.

TELEVISION on Christmas Day will be full of good things for children. On the BBC channel the afternoon will bring a film of Walt Disney favourites, followed by a Paris circus by Eurovision and a German puppet film, *Puss in Boots*, with Johnny Morris telling the story. After a Western film there is a children's party on the Queen's Ice Rink.

Pantomania in the evening gives Eric Sykes's mad version of *Dick Whittington*, with Jean Kent as *Dick*, Frankie Howerd as *Idle Jack*, Billy Cotton as *Alderman Fitzwarren*, Sylvia Peters as *Alice*, and many other TV personalities, not forgetting Philip Harben, who will appear in a



Jimmy Hanley and Snoozy battle for a kipper

ing her Christmas message from her home in Sandringham.

This time the Sandringham bells will ring out across the seas to herald the Duke of Edinburgh speaking from the Royal Yacht *Britannia* sailing from New Zealand to the Antarctic.

The Queen's message will be broadcast, in sound only, on all TV channels, too.

Immediately after the Queen's broadcast the Light Programme has its children's party, with Wilfred Pickles visiting a children's hospital.

Children's Christmas, telling of festivities in many lands, is the theme of Christmas Day Children's Hour. David Franklyn introduces contributions from Yugoslavia, Great Britain, the U.S., and Australia, with the choir of the Solihull High School for Girls and

most unusual rôle for him—as the back legs of a horse.

IN Associated-Rediffusion's London studios we have Jimmy Hanley acting as host to twenty children from Dr. Barnardo's Homes. Snoozy the Sea Lion will help to entertain, along with Mick and Montmorency, Rolf Harris, and Eric Spear with a quiz programme.

Fredric March, with the help of some very convincing make-up, is the latest in a long line of actors to take the rôle of Scrooge in Dickens's *A Christmas Carol*, which will be seen in the evening. The occasion is a brand-new film presentation of the story, a musical adaption by Maxwell Anderson. In the rôle of Jacob Marley's ghost is another famous actor, Basil Rathbone.

On Boxing Day

IF you have read Grimm's fairy tale *The Goose Girl*, you may scarcely recognise it in BBC Children's TV on Boxing Day. This is a comical pantomime version, by Donald Jonson and Clifford Williams, about Princess Lucinda's chariot journey to Faraway Castle to marry Prince Robin, and the wicked wiles of her maid-in-waiting Joan, who wants to marry the prince herself.

The hero is poor old Barnabus the horse, seen in a dream sequence as the great circus horse he was in days gone by. Elaine Usher is the Princess, Sheila Shand Gibbs plays Joan, and inside the horse are Barry Letts and Peter Diamond.

Producer Francis Essex hopes young viewers will be allowed to sit up on Boxing Day evening to see *Beauty and the Beast* in a musical version of the old fairy tale. Among new characters are the Woodland Goblins.

The same evening BBC cameras call on Bernard Braden

and Barbara Kelly in their Thames-side home where Dickens is said to have written part of *Oliver Twist*. The Braden household includes Christopher (13), his sisters Kelly (12) and Kim (8), with Soufflé, the poodle, and Patsy, the pony.

FIVE hundred children will be seen in Associated-Rediffusion enjoying a Boxing Day party on the ice at Streatham Ice Rink. Young exhibition skaters will be joined by dance skaters, clowns on ice, and barrel jumpers, and the party will be rounded off with an aerial invasion of balloons.

Jim Whittington and his Sea Lion is the children's special panto on the commercial TV channel. Jimmy Hanley stars as Whittington, with Snoozy the Sea Lion instead of a cat. This time Snoozy will be more than life-size, played by Woolf Goldberg. Dorothy Smith is the Fairy Queen, Rolf Harris the Demon King, and author Peter Ling the Sea Captain.

Becky Sharp and her friends

DAVID COPPERFIELD has been voted one of the most successful serials on BBC television. Charles Dickens's literary rival was William Makepeace Thackeray, and it is appropriate that the next serial, starting on Friday, December 28, should be based on his

most famous novel, *Vanity Fair*. Joyce Redman plays the cheeky, vivacious Becky Sharp, who ran away from Miss Pinkerton's Establishment for Young Ladies. Petra Davies will be seen as Amelia.

ERNEST THOMSON



Joyce Redman, on the right, as Becky Sharp and Petra Davies as Amelia

Saxon palace revealed by air photos

The palace of a Saxon king, first building of its period to be discovered in England, has been traced and excavated 13 centuries after its wooden walls were destroyed by fire.

This wonderful feat of archaeology was made possible by air photographs which had revealed a number of mysterious dark rectangles in a field of oats at Yeavering, Northumberland.

Yeavering was known to have been an important place in early Saxon days, and as the field was threatened by quarrying, archaeologists were called in to examine the site.

As a result, traces have been found of the royal township of the Saxon King Edwin of Northumbria. He lived from about 585 to 633, and was the acknowledged ruler of all the Saxon kingdoms of his day, except Kent.

100-FOOT HALLS

The Venerable Bede, first historian of this land, mentions Yeavering. It was there, about a century before his time, that the missionary Paulinus converted Edwin to Christianity.

The experts traced the sites of two halls, great buildings for those times, each 100 feet long and with porches at either end. It must have been to one of these halls that Paulinus brought Ethelberg, the daughter of the Christian King of Kent, as a bride for his new convert, Edwin of Northumbria.

Round one of these halls were nine smaller buildings, probably used by the nobles, another for their servants, and yet another which had been a pagan temple.

There was also a kind of amphitheatre able to seat an audience of about 350 people. This is thought to have been a Saxon Moot, or meeting-place for law-giving, but it was probably used by Paulinus for his preaching.

BURNED TO THE GROUND

Now comes the strangest part of the story. For the palace was built of wood. Edwin belongs to what are called the Dark Ages, in which barbarians destroyed the civilisation of Rome. The art of building in stone had been temporarily lost. Not a vestige of the actual structure remained except the post-holes of the supporting timbers in the ground, and soil discoloured by charcoal and burned plaster.

When the heathen King Penda defeated and slew Edwin in battle, he burned the Christian king's palace to the ground. The site was ploughed over and soon forgotten.

But once the foundation trenches were found by the archaeologists the earth from them was taken out and examined, spadeful by spadeful. Often the sandy soil was scattered by gusts of wind. But in those countless darkened grains, first revealed to a camera in an aircraft, lay the secrets of lost splendours, of faith and hope and tragedy, in England thirteen hundred years ago.

Sports favourites

WHO, in your opinion, are the sports boy and girl of the year? BBC Television Junior Sportsview is receiving postcard votes until January 1. The boy or girl nominated must be under 18 on December 31. The Schoolboys' Own Exhibition will present a trophy to the winners on January 10.

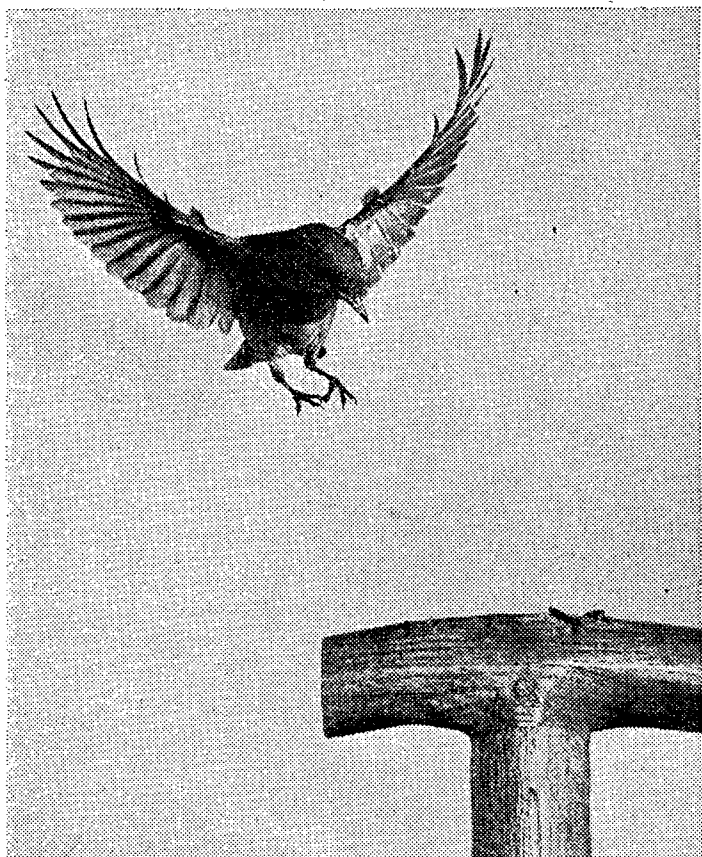
In a special Christmas edition of Junior Sportsview on December 27 viewers will meet 17-year-old Judy Grinham, of Neasden, Middlesex, Britain's first swimmer to carry off an Olympic Gold Medal for 32 years.

Good-bye, Old Year

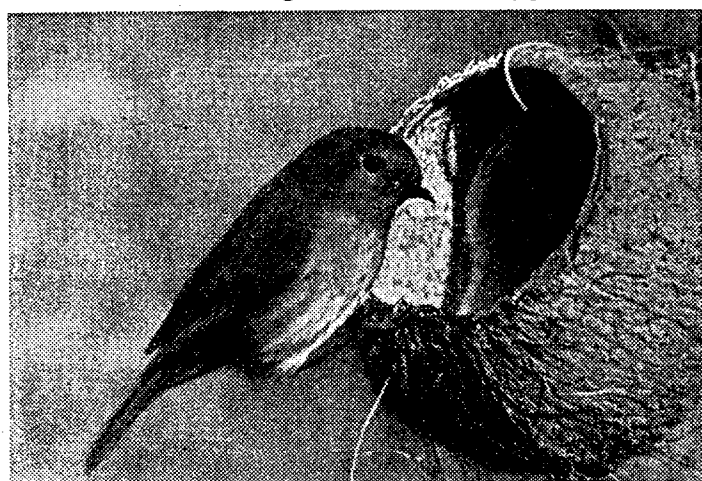
SATURDAY EXCURSION in Children's Hour on December 29 will be called Goodbye Old Year. Margaret Hubble, Wynford Vaughan Thomas, and John Lane will look back on the year's excursions. Recorded extracts will include the Boys' Brigade Brass Band Festival, a call at a training school for chefs, and visits to Holland, Italy, and the Simplon Tunnel.

Rounding off the programme, David Lloyd James will broadcast from the West Gallery of St. Paul's Cathedral as he looks out across London and talks of the coming year.

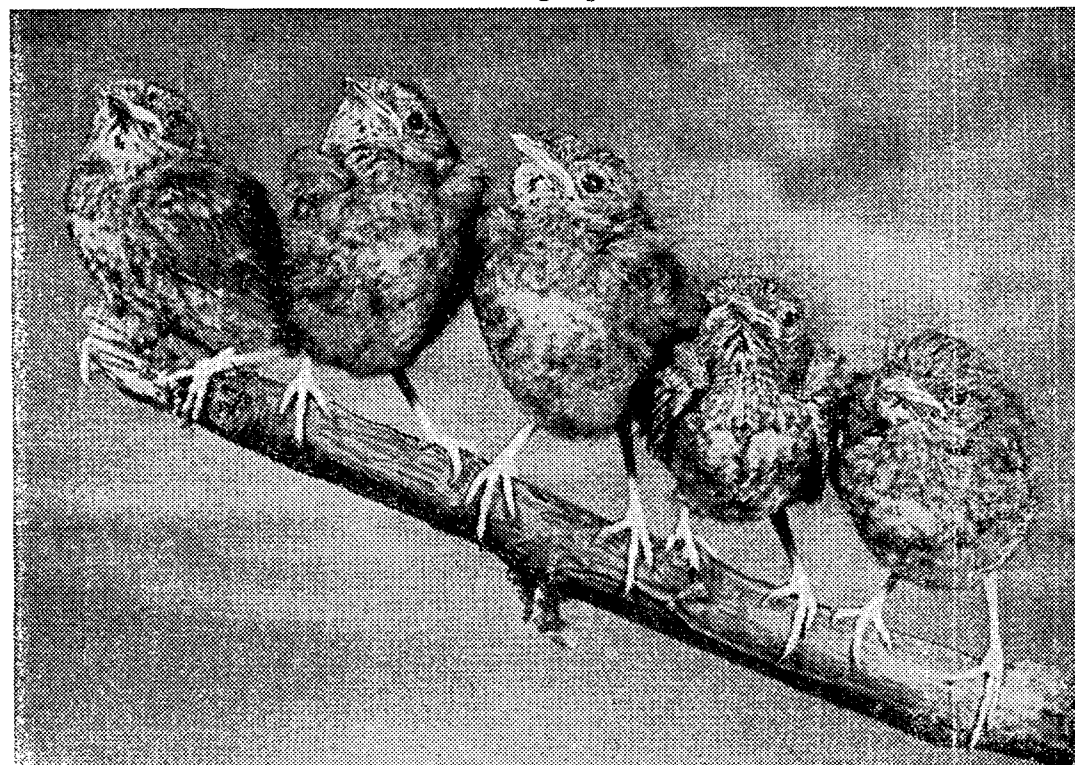
A ROBIN FOR CHRISTMAS



The handle of a gardener's fork is a likely perch



Master Robin thinks a coconut worth investigating



Young robins are a mottled olive-brown. They have to wait till grown up for a red waistcoat

Of all the birds that delight us by their presence in our gardens none is more welcome than the sprightly robin. Redbreast brings a warm glow to the winter scene, whistles a cheerful carol to gladden the short, cold days, and is so friendly that it has become an emblem of the Christmas spirit of goodwill.

One occupies my garden at present; it comes near whenever I appear and joins me at work, perching on the handle of my fork, waiting and watching for any worms. A bird needs its own weight of food each day and can eat much more.

The robin in my garden arrived in August. There was another on a rough piece of nearby ground, and I watched them perched on posts not far apart, singing their loudest notes and puffing out their red breasts to the fullest extent as they faced each other. This was a threat display, each warning the other not to enter its territory. The song posts, from which each sings, mark the boundary of the area each regards as its personal property.

Should another robin enter that territory, it is chased out again, and if it does not flee a fierce fight ensues. Most intruders fly off at once, not for lack of courage, but because of a pattern of behaving evolved for the benefit of the species. In other words, each usually respects the rights of its neighbour. Cock and hen are alike in this; both sing and behave in the same manner until it is mating time.

SUMMER REFUGE

During July and early August few robins are seen, for they hide in thick foliage while moulting. The young birds, which have speckled breasts when they hatch out, now assume adult plumage, with red feathers on breasts and foreheads.

Cocks and hens alike mark out their territories in August, to lead a solitary life till mating time. But when snow has been thick on the ground I have seen three or four robins feeding together on food thrown out for them. In October I

once saw five robins in one bush on Foulness Island, Essex, but these birds had just flown across the North Sea from the Continent. Robins lose their territorial behaviour at these times, but only while the snow lasts, or till the migrants have recovered from their long journey.

In the New Year the hen robin enters the territory of a cock, whose song has changed to the livelier spring tune. He flies at her, and she, instead of puffing up her feathers or fleeing or fighting, crouches on a branch and stays still. The cock recognises this action and knows that a hen has come to join him. The hen ceases to sing, and leaves defence of the territory to her mate.

STRANGE NESTING-PLACES

The robin's nest is sometimes beautifully hidden under thick herbage on a bank, or on flat ground in a wood. A little mat of dead leaves is often at the entrance. But sometimes strange sites are chosen—a tin can thrown into bushes, or a corner among a heap of packing cases in a shed. A lidless kettle fixed in a hedge or thick bush with the spout downwards is an attractive nesting place, provided cats cannot get at it.

One pair of robins I came to know very well built their nest indoors above the curtain pelmet, the window being left open to

allow the birds to come and go freely.

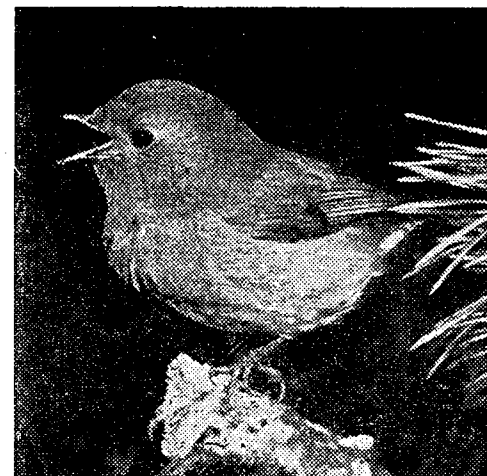
The five or six eggs are white, thickly mottled with reddish-brown, sometimes all over, sometimes in a dense zone, or cap, at the bigger end.

Wild creatures are just as liable to accidents as we are, and I recall a robin that was found, late one afternoon, held fast by ice on a pool. No matter how cold the weather the robin loves a bath before going to roost. This one had apparently bathed and had then stood still while preening its feathers, and because the frost was so keen the ice had formed quickly and held it prisoner.

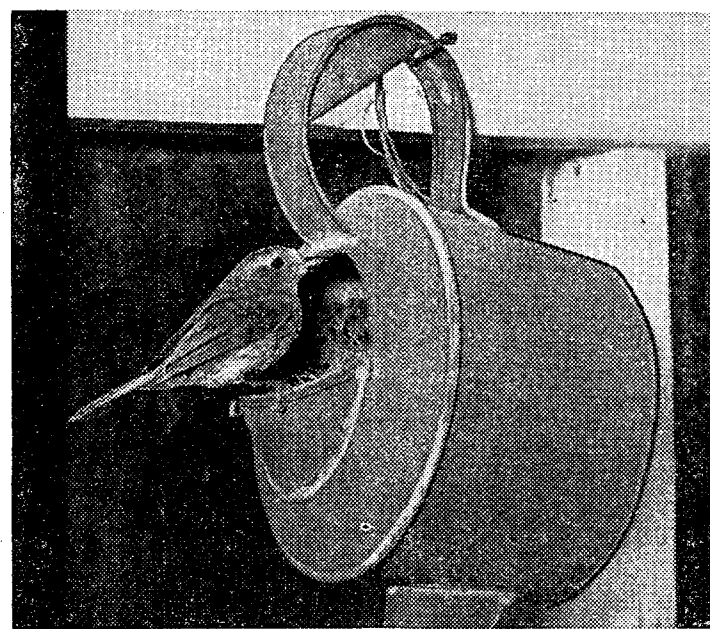
LUCKY ESCAPE

But they also have miraculous escapes. A robin was a few yards from me as I knelt on the ground to block a fox run under a wire-meshed fencing along a wood. A swish-sh made me jerk my head just in time to see a sparrowhawk hit the wire as the robin slipped through the mesh, escaping by a split second.

It was an escape that cheered my heart, and it was also a reminder, as the icebound robin had been, that life for the birds is all too grim. Like all wild creatures, the friendly robin is surrounded by danger, and it is pleasant to think that it can at times find sanctuary in our gardens. H. R. TUTT



The robin's song is small and sweet like himself



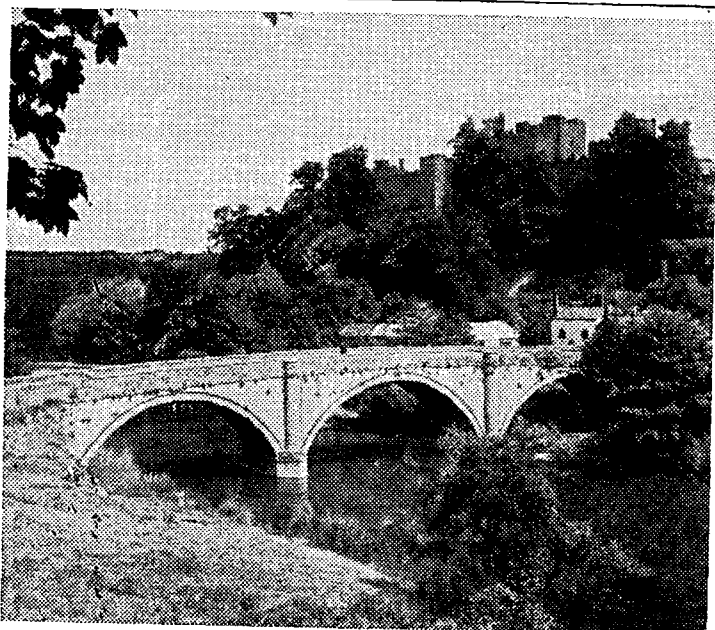
Redbreast nests in all sorts of places, even a watering can

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars . London . EC4
DECEMBER 29 1956

Father Eternal

FATHER eternal, ruler of creation,
Spirit of life, which moved ere form was made,
Through the thick darkness covering every nation,
Light to man's blindness, O be thou our aid:
Thy Kingdom come, O Lord, thy will be done.
Races and peoples, lo, we stand divided,
And, sharing not our griefs, no joy can share;
By wars and tumults love is mocked, derided;
His conquering cross no kingdom wills to bear:
Envious of heart, blind-eyed, with tongues confounded,
Nation by nation still goes unforgiven,
In wrath and fear, by jealousies surrounded,
Building proud towers which shall not reach to heaven:
Lust of possession worketh desolations;
There is no meekness in the sons of earth;
Led by no star, the rulers of the nations
Still fail to bring us to the blissful birth:
How shall we love thee, holy hidden Being,
If we love not the world which thou hast made?
O give us brother-love for better seeing
Thy Word made flesh, and in a manger laid:
Laurence Housman



OUR HOMELAND

A TIME FOR GOOD CHEER

THE Happy Day is nearly here again; the day when cheerfulness is a duty acknowledged by everyone; the all-smiles day for which so many of us have been busy preparing, in a spirit of giving as much pleasure as possible to others.

Cheerfulness is a form of goodness. It is certainly part of the natural goodness of youth, and should remain as part of the goodness of age. Cheerfulness means courage in difficult times. Indeed, it is a quality that should not be kept for one day only, but should be spread over the other 364.

Let cheerfulness be poured out in goodly measure all the year round. Meanwhile, a Happy Christmas to you all!

Think on These Things

WHEN the shepherds heard the message of the angels they were guarding their sheep in the silent hours of the night. To them was given the amazing news: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

It was in a stable with the animals that they found the baby Jesus with Mary His mother. In wonder and humble awe they knelt down and worshipped Him.

Christmas tells us of God coming into this world in the person of Jesus and He came so that He might help and save us. It is something so wonderful that we can scarcely understand it.

The coming of Christ shows us just how much God must love us. When we think of the baby Jesus lying in the stable we remember that He is God's gift to us.

No wonder Christmas is the happiest time of all the year. God has come to us in Jesus to bring us love and joy and peace.
O. R. C.

The Editor's Table

CHRISTMAS GARLAND

WHEN Christmas Day cometh while the moon waxeth, it shall be a very good year, and the nearer it cometh to the new moon, the better that year shall be.

An old country saying

LAY pretty long in bed, and then rose, leaving my wife desirous to sleep, having sat up till four this morning seeing her maids make mince-pies. I to church, where our parson Mills made a good sermon. Then home, and dined well on some good ribs of beef roasted, and mince-pies.

Pepys' Diary December 25, 1666

CHRISTMAS comes! He comes, he comes,
Ushered with a rain of plums;
Hollies in the window greet him;
Schools come driving post to meet him.

Leigh Hunt

LOVE came down at Christmas,
Love all lovely, Love Divine;

Love was born at Christmas,
Star and Angels gave the sign.

Christina Rossetti

THEN let us all rejoice amain,
On Chrissimas Day, on Chrissimas Day;
Then let us all rejoice amain,
On Chrissimas Day in the morning.

Anon

THE red berries were just as abundant on the holly, and he and Maggie had dressed all the windows and mantelpieces and picture-frames on Christmas Eve with as much taste as ever, wedding the thick-set scarlet clusters with branches of the black-berried ivy...

George Eliot

NOW all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And ever more be merry.

George Withers

THERE must have been some sort of dim confused suspicion in their [the ancient Romans'] minds that it was wrong and cruel to treat human beings like brute beasts, which made them set up that strange old custom of letting their slaves play at being free once every Christmas.

Charles Kingsley

LORDINGS, listen to our lay—
We have come from far away
To seek Christmas;
In this mansion we are told
He his yearly feast doth hold:
Tis today!
May joy come from God above,
To all those who Christmas love!

13th-century minstrel song

I LIKE the festoons of holly on the walls and windows; the dance under the mistletoe; the gigantic sausage; the baron of beef; the vast globe of plum-pudding, the true image of the earth flattened at the poles...

Thomas Love Peacock

WHEN they were all tired of blind-man's buff, there was a great game at snap-dragon, and when fingers enough were burned at that, and all the raisins gone, they sat down by the huge fire of blazing logs to a substantial supper, and a mighty bowl of wassail, something smaller than an ordinary washhouse copper, in which the hot apples were hissing and bubbling with a rich look, and a jolly sound, that was perfectly irresistible.

"This," said Mr. Pickwick, looking round him, "this is, indeed, comfort." Charles Dickens

DOWN the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound.
He was dressed all in fur from his head to his foot,
And his clothes were all tarnished with ashes and soot;
A bundle of toys he had flung on his back,
And he looked like a pedlar just opening his pack.
His eyes—how they twinkled!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry!
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard of his chin was as white as the snow.

C. C. Moore

WASSAIL the trees, that they may bear

You many a plum and many a pear:
For more or less fruits they will bring,
As you do give them wassailing.

Robert Herrick

HOW TO MAKE GOSKY PATTIES

TAKE a Pig, three or four years old, and tie him by the off hind leg to a post. Place 5 pounds of currants, 3 of sugar, 2 pecks of peas, 18 roast chestnuts, a candle, and 6 bushels of turnips, within his reach; if he eats these, constantly provide him with more.

Then procure some cream, some slices of Cheshire cheese, four quires of foolscap paper, and a packet of black pins. Work the whole into a paste, and spread it out to dry on a sheet of clean brown waterproof linen.

When the paste is perfectly dry, but not before, proceed to beat the Pig violently, with the handle of a large broom.

Visit the paste and beat the Pig alternately for some days, and ascertain if at the end of that period the whole is about to turn into Gosky Patties.

If it does not then, it never will; and in that case the Pig may be let loose, and the whole process may be considered as finished.

Edward Lear

The Children's Newspaper, December 29, 1956

THEY SAY...

THE Duke of Edinburgh has done a good job for Britain, a good job for Australia and, of course, a good job for his wife the Queen, who works unceasingly at keeping the people's British Commonwealth together.
Sydney Sunday Telegraph

MANY boys are bilingual, having one speech for polite society and another—a loud, inarticulate repertoire of barks and yelps—for their contemporaries.

Mr. Hedley Warr, Headmaster of Louth Grammar School

I BELIEVE the duty of the Academy is firstly the encouragement of traditional and skilful art, and secondly the encouragement of experiment.

Mr. Charles Wheeler, President of the Royal Academy

IT is important that the understanding of different races should begin in the schools, because children are free from prejudices.

Earl Attlee

CHRISTMAS QUIZ

1. Where and when was the first Christmas tree set up in Britain?
2. Which Christmas decoration was held sacred by the Druids of Ancient Britain?
3. Why is December 26 called Boxing Day?
4. When is Twelfth Night?
5. What is the name of Scrooge's clerk in A Christmas Carol, by Charles Dickens?
6. Which carol was composed on a Christmas Eve?

Answers on page 12

Out and About

THE afternoon was too cold for loitering, but country walks offer surprises, especially in winter. One end of the wood was mainly of fir trees, and then came a patch of pine trees, and the unmistakable smell of the carpet of brown "needles" on the ground.

You can always tell pine trees by their reddish trunk, clear of branches for some distance above the ground. The pine (sometimes wrongly called Scots Fir) is one of the cone bearing trees, and like all the conifers except the larch (which is deciduous) it is evergreen. The polished "needles" which are its leaves, are bigger and more prickly than those of fir trees, and are in thick clusters with the cones hanging below.

There seemed a surprising number of cones, mostly rather battered: they had not dropped off the trees naturally. Indeed not. We just caught sight of a squirrel leaping from a high branch to the next tree away from us. He had been gnawing and tugging the cones apart for their seeds.

The broken cones on the ground were the crusts of his meal, or even less than crusts for he could not have eaten them. But we took some back for the fire.

C. D. D.

LITTLE ABORIGINAL COMES TO TOWN

A six-year-old Aboriginal girl from the remote north-west corner of New South Wales had her first air trip, her first train ride, saw the ocean for the first time, and went on a streamlined passenger liner when she spent a week in Sydney recently.



Rene and her toy koala

Her name is Rene Brown, and the trip to Sydney was part of a prize she won in a Road Safety art competition, sponsored by the Commonwealth Oil Refineries. Rene's 14-year-old brother Fred went with her.

Their home is at Tibooburra, a tiny town in a sheep-grazing district more than 700 miles north-west of Sydney.

All the townsfolk saw Rene and Fred leave for Broken Hill in a plane of the Flying Doctor service. Then the children flew in a commercial airliner to Melbourne, where they spent an exciting two hours in the first big city they had seen.

Three hours later they arrived in Sydney, and were taken to the home of Dr. W. J. Wearn, a Sydney dental surgeon. He knows the Brown family through his work with the dental unit of the Far West Children's Health Scheme, which provides constant medical and dental care to

the youngsters of the Outback. An exciting, if rather bewildering, programme followed. At Taronga Park Zoo the two children saw tigers and elephants from India, lions from Africa, and koalas or Australian teddy bears. They had their first ride on a train, and on a merry-go-round. Then Captain Blake of the Orient liner Orsova entertained the pair. They explored the ship, saw how the magnetic compass works and how the liner is steered; they romped through the nursery. And they left the ship clutching gifts from the captain.

The climax of a wonderful week was a reception in a city hotel where Rene and her brother were guests of honour. It was here that she was asked: "What have you liked best in Sydney? The aeroplanes, the trains, motor cars, ships, escalators, the zoo, or dolls that walked and talked?"

Clutching the huge toy koala, which was among her many presents, tiny Rene pondered for a few moments. Then her eyes sparkled as she replied: "Ice cream with chocolate sauce."



Rene at the wheel of the Orsova

POPULAR CHRISTMAS CARD

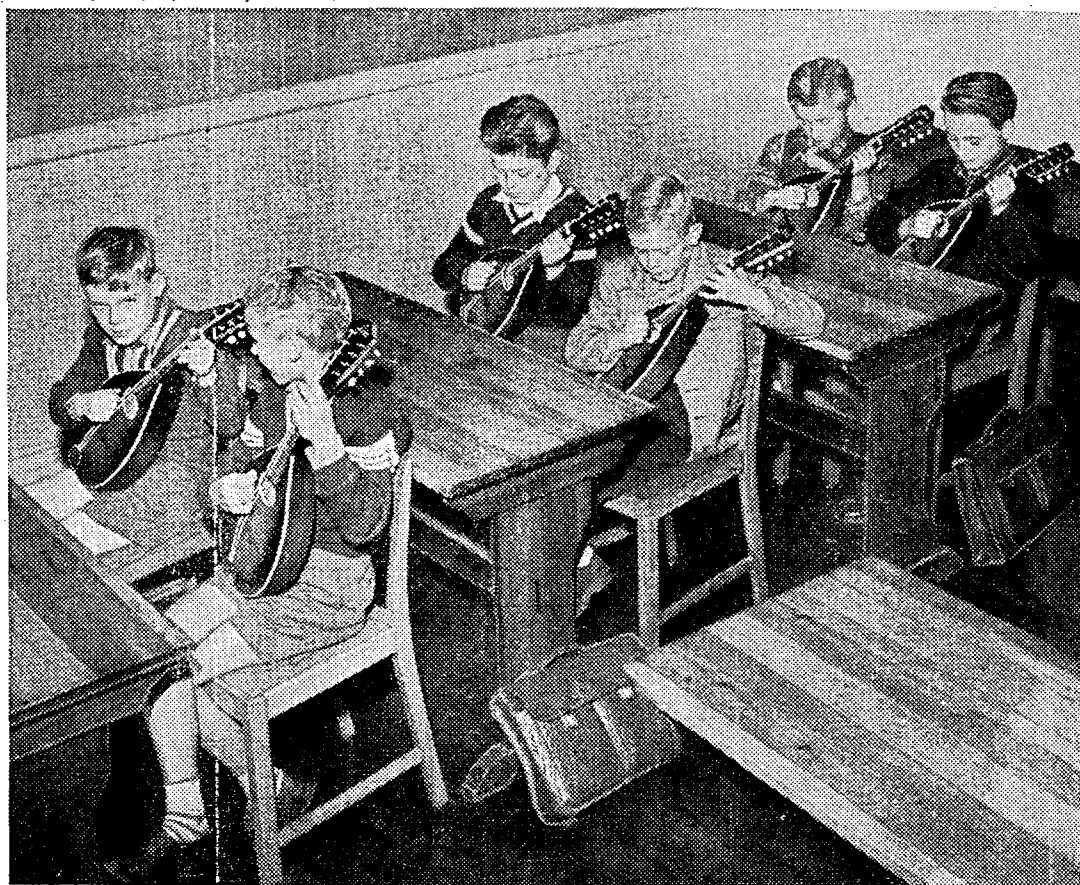
A Christmas card with a picture painted by Sir Winston Churchill has had a great sale this year in many parts of the world. The picture is of a solitary figure struggling across a snowy landscape, and Lady Churchill has named it The Messenger.

One of Sir Winston's earlier works, he chose it last Christmas for his personal greetings card; this year it was released for general use, and has proved a best-seller.

FLYING FIRE ENGINE

The experiment of using aircraft to put out a grassland fire has been successfully tried in New Zealand. The plane was one equipped to spray crops with insecticide. Instead of chemicals, it carried water in its tank, and this was not sprayed, but released so that it was caught in the aircraft's slipstream and fell in a long swathe of torrential rain.

The violence of the shower will depend on the height of the aircraft.



Music class in Copenhagen

These Danish schoolboys find that a mandolin lesson makes an interesting change from the normal classroom work. It certainly seems to be getting their undivided attention.

IN THE COUNTRY WITH THE HUT MAN

White Christmas Memories

My happiest memories of Hut Country winters are of snow in late December, when every glen and woodland was a living Christmas card; and it is with three of these memories that I end this series of Hut Country adventures.

I remember one bright, clear December day, just before Christmas, when glistening curves of snow overhung the burn banks and the dark brown water rippled round stones which were decorated like iced cakes. Walking upstream, I had paused to admire a waterfall coming from under a bridge of ice, while on the far bank a wild rose covered with scarlet hips glowed against its snowy background like a Christmas tree strung with fairy lanterns.

NEW KIND OF INSECT?

As I stood admiring this brilliance of sunlit red and white, a Great Tit flew up and perched among the hips. But it was not the fruit which interested him. Flitting from the rose to a withered hemlock stem on my side of the fall, he looked up to where a row of sharp blue-grey icicles hung in a glittering row from an overhanging rock ledge. The warmth of the noonday sunshine had caused them to melt, and a slow drip-drip of crystal-clear water was falling to the pool below.

Great Tit watched each descent with a tilted eye. Then, as one drop left its icicle tip, he fluttered upwards, snatched it in mid-air, and returned to his hemlock perch. He kept repeating this performance, and I wondered if this was his way of drinking, or

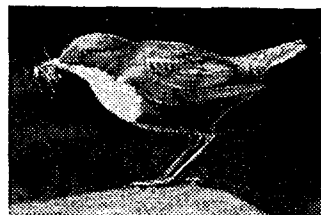
whether he was mistaking the falling drops for some new kind of flying insects?

Another of my late December memories is of crossing that same stream, slipping on one of the snow-capped stones, and plunging a foot through crackling ice into almost equally icy water. While on the far bank, balancing on one foot to remove bits of ice from my shoe, I saw a Dipper—my favourite bird—fly quickly downstream to alight on the very stone I had just left.

HUNGRY DIPPER

I had met Dipper frequently during that bitter spell of weather, and had sympathised with him in his dining problems at a stream where every likely shallow was hidden under a roof of ice. Had he watched my accident? I cannot say, but after a hurried performance of his bobbing dance, he ran down the sloping side of the stone and began a search for aquatic insects through the larder door I had opened. It was a successful search, too, despite the terribly cold water, and it made me almost forget the numbness in my freezing foot.

A last recollection, this time of Christmas Eve; a Christmas Eve on the moor, with the expanse of



The Dipper, with a meal

snow-capped heather fading bleakly in the gathering wintry dusk. I had still three miles to go to reach the Hut, and coming on a dried water-course, I stooped to shelter from a keen north-west wind while lighting a pipe. Just above my head it whistled through the brittle heather twigs, and I thought with happy longing of the



The acrobatic Great Tit

warmth awaiting me at the end of my journey.

It was then, close beside me, that I heard the bright trilling song of a Wren, and saw its tiny dark form flit in and out among the crannies of the overhanging bank. I thought little about it at the time, but as I sat in front of my log fire that night and listened to the soft fluff of snowflakes against the window, the memory of its tiny body and gay music returned. We were each spending Christmas Eve alone that year, and that Wren, when I came to think of it, was only one of many small neighbours who were spending it in corners of the dark, cold countryside all round my fire-lit Hut.

The old canal brings new prosperity

What was once England's straightest, shortest, and deepest canal is now little more than a huge water tank, serving industry.

Designed by John Rennie, the great canal and harbour engineer of those days—who also, by the way, designed the present London Bridge—it was opened at Ulverston, in North Lancashire, in December 1796. The first ship to enter from Morecambe Bay was the London brig Sally, gaily decked with flags.

Because of this canal, Ulverston became a busy port used by 500 ships a year, and the peak of its activity was in 1845 and 1846 just at the time when materials were being brought to the town for the building of a railway.

But once railway trains were puffing through Ulverston the canal began to decline, and eventually a railway company got control. In 1944, when the 1½-mile waterway needed expensive cleaning and dredging and the lock gates were broken down, the authorities decided to close it.

INDUSTRY ATTRACTED

Most people in Ulverston thought that was the end of the story, yet the old canal is now bringing them new prosperity. For the mouth was filled up with concrete, thus forming a huge reservoir, and industry has been attracted by this abundance of fresh water fed from the hills of Lakeland.

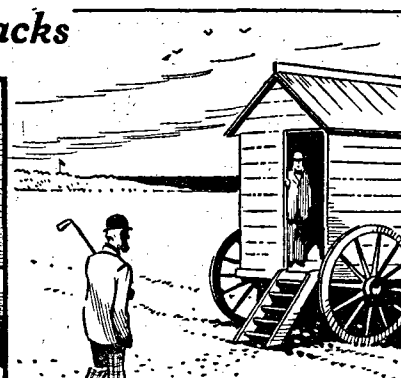
When you visit Ulverston today you find it difficult to believe that at one time its streets were thronged by seamen, or that sailing vessels moored almost in the heart of the town.

Today the great local shipping centre is Barrow-in-Furness. But when Ulverston's canal was planned mighty Barrow was only a quiet village.

Sporting Flashbacks

IN 1855, WHEN CHARLES KINGSLEY WAS WRITING HIS CELEBRATED NOVEL OF THE SPANISH MAIN, "WESTWARD HO!", HE WAS A GUEST AT THE BIDEFORD HOME OF CAPTAIN MOLESWORTH, R.N. ...

"OLD MOLE" WAS AN ENTHUSIASTIC GOLFER AND WHEN A CLUB WAS FORMED IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD, HAD A BIG SHARE IN NAMING IT AFTER HIS FRIEND'S BOOK.



WESTWARD HO! ONE OF THE OLDEST GOLF CLUBS IN ENGLAND, HAD A MODEST START. THE FIRST CLUB-HOUSE WAS A BATHING MACHINE, LATER REPLACED BY A TENT.

CAPT. MOLESWORTH WAS SO KEEN ON THE GAME THAT HE ONCE WALKED THE THREE MILES TO THE COURSE (ARRIVING AT 6 A.M.), PLAYED 8 ROUNDS OF GOLF, WALKED HOME TO DINNER, THEN SPENT THE EVENING PLAYING BILLIARDS.

LOOKING AT THE SKY

RETURN OF AN INVISIBLE STAR

A STAR which is invisible to the naked eye for long periods may now be seen in the southern sky in the evening. It is Mira, the "Wonderful," and is worth looking for at the first opportunity, as it may reach almost the brilliance of the brightest stars.

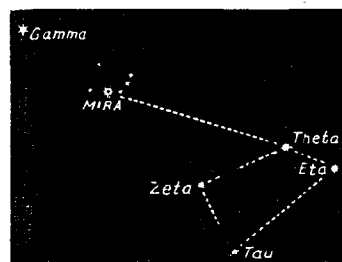
This blazing up and subsequent dying down of Mira has been known to astronomers for four centuries, and though the eruptions are somewhat irregular, they are known to last near maximum for between two and three months; so there is plenty of time for finding and observing this colossal sun during its upheaval.

It can be found in the great constellation of Cetus, the Sea Monster, and may be seen due south between 7 and 8 o'clock in the evening at present. The brighter stars of Cetus extend across most of the southern sky down to the horizon, so it will be easy to identify the portion of Cetus shown in the accompanying star map.

Owing to the map's small scale the five fifth-magnitude stars shown apparently near Mira will appear farther apart when

observed, but they will help in the identification and in estimating Mira's changes of brilliance.

For a period of about eight months the naked eye can normally perceive nothing but the five stars in this area. Then another star begins to appear; it is the blazing Mira. At first very faint, it gradually increases in bril-



liance in the course of the following seven or eight weeks, by which time it may be as bright, or brighter, than any star in Cetus or the adjoining constellations.

It does not always reach this extremity of eruptive fire, however, and so may not exceed third magnitude; for it is a vast distance away—more than ten million times farther away than is the Sun.

Were we as near to this colossal outburst as we are to the Sun, we would be in the presence of a ball of fire with a diameter averaging some 300 times greater than that of our Sun. And the sky would be almost covered by the vast, rotating mass of reddish light and fire. To survive we should need complete protection.

Normally this surface of Mira would possess a temperature averaging only about a third that of the Sun; it is then that Mira sinks in brilliance, becoming a star of about ninth magnitude and invisible to the naked eye. This stage lasts for about a month.

Then begins the great upheaval which will end in three to four months' time, in a colossal cataclysm of fire in which the outpouring of light and heat from Mira may have increased to 10,000 times what it was a few months earlier.

This stage will last for between three and six weeks, during which the star appears at its brightest. Then, at a slower rate, the colossal outburst will die down and eventually Mira will vanish to the naked eye for another five to six months.

G. F. M.

British cameras in the Antarctic

The Commonwealth Antarctic explorers will use British cine-cameras to film their great march across the Southern Continent. They have been chosen instead of Japanese, American, or German cameras; not for reasons of sentiment or of prestige, but because they have proved the most reliable under conditions of severest cold.

British cine-cameras were used during the historic Mount Everest ascent of 1953, and Sir Edmund Hillary's party are taking five of them. Dr. Vivian Fuchs' explorers will use the same type for their side of the story.

The cameras are 16 mm., as the 35 mm. size would be too bulky to be carried by men whose loads must be balanced to the last ounce. But the 16 mm. film can be enlarged to 35 mm. for showing on full-size screens.

Fitted with special leather-cloth covering and non-freezing lubricants, the cameras have trigger starts to enable them to be used by heavily mittened hands in sub-zero temperatures. Their precision lenses are of a type that is earning Britain a steady flow of dollars. Indeed, it is claimed that eight out of every ten cine-cameras used in the U.S.—including Hollywood—are fitted with British lenses.

SECRET SERVICE

For years Mr. Bernard Newman has been enthralled audiences up and down the country with lectures on the Secret Service, on which he is an acknowledged authority. In his book, *Real Life Spies* (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), he tells us how different are the spies of fact from those of fiction.

We learn of schools for spies, secret inks and musical codes. Best of all is the account of how gallant Poles warned us of the coming of the flying bombs.

DEERSLAYER—new picture-version of Fenimore Cooper's famous frontier yarn (4)



Deerslayer, Judith, and Hetty went in the Ark to meet his friend Big Serpent at the appointed place. They dropped anchor and let the boat drift ashore. Then Big Serpent arrived, pursued by hostile Indians. He jumped into the Ark and helped Deerslayer to haul the vessel away by the anchor line, while the girls sheltered in the cabin.



As they returned to Muskrat Castle, Hetty, unobserved by the others, slipped into the canoe towed behind, cast off, and made for the shore. The simple-minded girl intended preaching to the Indians in the hope of persuading them to release her father and Harry Hurry. The others saw her reach the shore, land, turn the canoe adrift, and vanish into the woods.



After sleeping in the woods, Hetty met a comely Indian girl. This was Wah-ta-Wah, Big Serpent's betrothed who had been kidnapped by the Iroquois. It was to rescue her, with Deerslayer's help, that her sweetheart had come here. "Where go?" she asked Hetty, smiling. "Indian—Redman—savage, wicked warrior that-away." The two girls were soon friends.



Hetty told Wah-ta-Wah that Big Serpent was at Muskrat Castle. She spoke of her own mission, and the Indian girl led her to the camp where the captives were held. The Iroquois received the white girl with grave courtesy, and Wah-ta-Wah, who could speak some English, translated what she said. Hetty told them about God, the Great Spirit, and the Bible which tells men to forgive their enemies, and never to injure their fellow-creatures. The Indian chief listened solemnly. The white captives watched the scene hopefully.

Will Hetty's preaching have any effect on these warriors? See next week's instalment

The Children's Newspaper, December 29, 1956

DRAMA ON THE RIVER

CHASE THE CONWAYS

by Geoffrey Morgan

Cabin boy Roger Lawton has stumbled on a plot to kidnap the young Prince of Ethiania, and the plotters falsely accuse him of mutiny. Jerry and Jane Conway hide him aboard their uncle's yacht at Eastfleet, and Jane remains to keep watch while Jerry returns to London to help Skipper Amos bring his sailing barge back to Eastfleet. On the afternoon of her second day at Eastfleet, Jane goes aboard the yacht again, but Roger does not appear. Meanwhile, Jerry and Amos are sailing back.

11. A detective's job

As soon as they left the Thames the breeze faded away altogether and Amos ordered the anchor to be dropped until the tide changed. They spent all that evening swinging at the end of the chain, but soon after midnight a fresh breeze came out of the south-west and the Mirelda was sailing again.

Although they made good progress during darkness, it was not fast enough for Jerry, because already they were a day late. The unloading and delays at the wharf had prevented their getting down-river as quickly as they had hoped, so that instead of entering Harwich harbour that afternoon, they were still almost as far off as ever. But with a freshening wind and the tide now in their favour, the stout old sailing barge was rapidly reducing the miles between them and Eastfleet, and by the time the first grey light of dawn lightened the eastern horizon they were in the Medusa Channel off the Naze, with the entrance to Harwich harbour some six miles away.

Upturned dinghy

Amos and Jerry ate a scratch breakfast on deck, and about an hour later the Mirelda sailed between the Essex and Suffolk shores and up the Orwell estuary. About a mile below Eastfleet, Jerry sighted a derelict dinghy. The little craft was lying keel upward on a mudspit close to the wooded shore. He looked at it through the binoculars and then, turned anxiously to Amos.

"D'you see that, skipper?" He pointed across the water. "I'm sure it's the Maridella's dinghy!" He thrust the binoculars into Amos's hands and took over the wheel.

His companion remained silent for a long moment, and finally lowered the glasses, a puzzled expression on his face.

"It looks strangely like it," he said in a restrained voice. Neither the man nor boy put into words the dreaded thoughts that ran through their minds. "You'd better get over there and make sure." He glanced up at the mainsail. The breeze, now coming out of the south-east, was dying away, but

they would carry the tide up to Eastfleet. "Winch up the mainsail, Jerry. I'll get up with the rest of the canvas. You take the boat and row over to have a look at that dinghy."

"Aye, aye, skipper," Jerry answered promptly, and he hurried away.

A few minutes later he parted company with the Mirelda, and was sculling the barge's dinghy in towards the mudspit over which the tide was now creeping. It did not take many seconds for him to identify beyond doubt that the dinghy was the Maridella's small sailing tender. He turned the boat over, and there was the name of the parent yacht above the stern thwart.



Jerry rowed to the upturned dinghy

Most of the gear had gone, including the bottom boards, but the rudder still clung to the lower pintal. There was no trace of the stumpy mast and the lugsail.

The deduction was obvious. The dinghy had been sailing and had capsized. Who else but Jane could have been sailing her? But when? And why? Jerry refused to let his own questions panic him into wild guesses. At such a time he decided that action was the best mental exercise. He floated the boat off the mud and hitching the end of a line through the bow ring, began towing the dinghy up river astern of the Mirelda's boat.

No trace of Roger

By the time he was approaching the Eastfleet anchorage Amos had brought up the Mirelda and had let go her anchor astern of the Maridella, and Jerry went alongside the barge to collect him.

"See for yourself, Amos," Jerry pointed anxiously to the dinghy he towed. "She's the yacht's tender."

Amos nodded glumly as he lowered himself over the side into the boat.

"Let's get over to the yacht," he said.

Jerry pulled silently for his uncle's sloop. They scrambled aboard and went below. There was no trace of Roger or Jane. Everything in the saloon and fo'c'sle appeared to be as it was when Jerry

left it two mornings earlier. There was no sign of a struggle; no clue at all as to why, when, or where Roger had gone.

Jerry stood there as if frozen to the cabin floor as the full significance of the deserted yacht and the derelict dinghy dawned on him. He knew that even if Jane had sailed the little boat, Roger would not have been with her. The whole object of their plan was for him to remain hidden aboard the Maridella.

Jerry was certain that Roger would not have shown himself even to the extent of poking his head through the hatch. And Jane certainly would not have encouraged him to do so.

Where is Jane?

If, by any chance, the dinghy had capsized accidentally while Jane was sailing and she had abandoned the craft either by swimming ashore or through rescue by another boat, why should Roger have left the yacht?

Jerry remembered their pursuers on the train, the sea chest he had left in the guard's van; the clue that could have brought one of the men to Manningbury. The derelict dinghy and Roger's disappearance must somehow be connected. But where was Jane?

Jerry looked at his skipper, hopeful that he could offer some conclusion less frightening than the one at which he seemed to have arrived. As soon as he had returned to the Mirelda from Eastfleet two days ago he had told Amos of their experiences on the train, and the fact that he had left in the chest a pointer to their destination.

Despair

Amos had calculated the effect of the error in the same way that Jane, Roger, and himself had done: namely, although Hassan's man might have examined the chest and noted the label, even if it had led him to Manningbury, there was still nothing to lead him finally to Eastfleet and the Maridella.

But supposing he was in Manningbury next day and saw Jane and followed her? He would see her come out to the yacht and he would know the reason.

Quickly and briefly Jerry put his questioning thoughts into words while Amos listened, his face a grave mask akin to despair. It seemed that his thoughts, too, followed the same dreaded pattern as those of his mate.

"We shall have to tell the police everything," he decided finally, moving to the companion. "I should have known better in the first place than to encourage you youngsters to fool around with desperate men. We should have taken Roger straight to the police and backed him up there." He went up into the cockpit. "We'll



From steam to oil

Eastern Region of British Railways has opened a school for drivers at Hadley Wood, Hertfordshire. Here men who have driven steam locomotives for many years learn to drive the diesel engines of the future in a two weeks' course.

get no further here. It's a detective's job."

He took the oars, and Jerry sat in the stern holding the line of the dinghy as they towed it in.

"It seems obvious now what happened," Amos said, pulling the boat along with strong, fierce strokes. "The kidnapping gang have got Roger, and because Jane would have sent us an SOS or got on to the police when she found Roger missing, they've taken her, too."

"You—you don't think she's—drowned, Amos?" Jerry could hardly get the words out. "I never thought so either, but—"

"Drowned—not likely!" Amos scoffed, trying to infuse a cheer-

ful optimistic note into his voice. "Take more than a capsiz to do that. Why, you've both been tumbled into the river so many times, you're at home in the water! But if the disappearance of Jane and Roger could be faked to look like a drowning, then no one's going to connect their absence with the gang."

Jerry understood the logic of this.

"But they'll know we know all about them now," he pointed out. "Surely they'll realise we should guess their rotten tricks?"

"Maybe," returned Amos. "But they thought we'd find out too late to do anything about it."

To be continued



Team work helps to keep things tidy

With so many trees at the London Zoo there have been lots of leaves to sweep up and Dumbo has made himself useful by lending a willing trunk with a litter basket.

JOHN BARNWELL, 17-year-old inside-right from Newcastle, may soon be making his Football League debut with Arsenal. He has been on the ground-staff of the famous London club since September 1955, and recently signed as a professional. A player of great promise, he has played for Northumberland and England youth teams, and last April was reserve for Bishop Auckland in the Amateur Cup Final.

TONY FOX, England's finest sculler during the post-war years, has qualified as a doctor and is giving up competitive rowing. He won every big English single sculls title, and twice rowed in the Olympics (1952 and 1956).

SOME years ago the former Harlequin Rugby player Geoffrey de la Condamine wrote an instructional book on the game when he was a master at King's College Junior School at Wimbledon, Surrey. He used his pupils as models for the action photographs which illustrated the book. Of those former pupils, three were included in the recent England trial, one is on the verge of Welsh international honours, and another has played representative football in Australia.



All out for the team

Three Wrens from H.M.S. Gamecock attended a hockey course recently at Bisham Abbey, Berkshire, the famous National Physical Recreational Centre. They hope to be selected for the Navy Women's Hockey team this season.

C N Competition Corner

FIVE WATCHES TO BE WON!

THE prize for each of the five winners in this latest C N Competition is a "Timex" Wrist-watch. All under 17 living in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Channel Islands may enter—and there is nothing to pay!

What to Do: All the objects below are made—or largely made—of metal. We simply want you to state which metal would be used for making each one; all the metals are given above and below the illustrations. When you have decided on it, write your first answer neatly on a postcard or piece of plain paper, thus: "The toy soldier is made of —," filling in the name of the metal.

List the seven remaining answers underneath in the same way, add your full name, age, and address, then ask a parent or guardian to sign the entry as your own unaided work. Finally, attach the competition token (marked C N Token) from the back page of this issue, then post to:

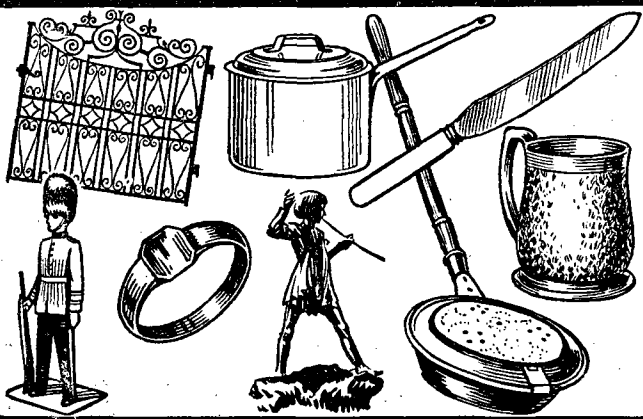
C N Competition No. 5,

3 Pilgrim Street, London, E.C.4 (Comp.),

to arrive by Tuesday, January 8, 1957, the closing date.

Wrist-watches will be awarded for the five entries which are correct or most nearly so, and the best written (or printed) according to age. Fountain-pens for the ten next best. Editor's decision final.

COPPER GOLD LEAD BRONZE



ALUMINIUM STEEL PEWTER IRON

SPORTS SHORTS

THE South African Universities Rugby XV now touring in this country will be playing two more matches this week—against the London Clubs, at Twickenham, on Boxing Day, and against the Universities Athletic Union, at Birkenhead Park, next Saturday.

JOHN EVANDT, of Norway, recently beat his world record standing long jump twice in a fortnight. His best distance was 11 feet 6½ inches. The standing long jump is not often practised as a competitive event in this country.

Surprise ending

THIS story of a most unusual ending to a cricket match has reached us from New Zealand.

Playing against Tauranga College 2nd XI, the Tauranga Club team required nine runs to win with six wickets in hand and eight balls to be delivered. A win, or at least a draw, seemed certain.

However, one of the college bowlers took two wickets with the last two balls of his over. The next bowler took three wickets with his first three deliveries, and added to his hat-trick by taking the sixth and last wicket with his fifth ball.

MR. REGINALD WILLIAMS, the headmaster of a school at West Tarring, Sussex, is already thinking of the 1960 Olympic Games. Recently he approached parents to see if they would pay five shillings a week for 40 weeks each year so that their sons could travel to Rome to see the Games.

Their famous coach

THE Soft Shore Athletic Club could have been seen recently practising on the sands at Blackpool for a national five-a-side soccer championship. One of the team was 12-year-old Stanley Matthews, and coaching the team was his famous father, Stanley senior.

PETER and **John Mason**, 14-year-old twins and members of the Coventry Schools soccer team this season, are the sons of George Mason, former centre-half of Coventry City, who was capped as a schoolboy international for England.

Back to the wall

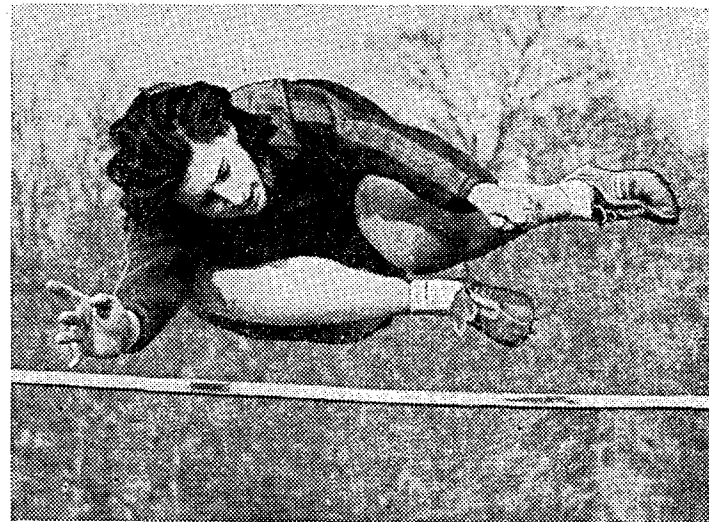
ANGELA MORTIMER, Britain's leading tennis player, helped to improve her game by practising regularly against a wall. A short time ago Miss Mortimer had to go into Guy's Hospital, London, for a stomach complaint. But she soon got tired of inactivity all day, so out came a racket and balls, and back to the wall went our champion for some practice.

BOXING DAY will see the start of the 1956 Challenge Round for the Davis Cup, in Adelaide, when the tennis stars of Australia and the United States will meet for the eleventh successive time in the final since 1946. Each country won five of these matches, although America has not won since 1954.

The Children's Newspaper, December 29, 1956

THE "Four-Minute Mile Club" must be one of the most exclusive in the world, for it has only ten members. The club was formed in Melbourne during the Olympics by Dr. Roger Bannister, and the ten members, himself included, now wear the club tie. It is black with a gold laurel wreath on which is superimposed a "4" upon two "Ms" to indicate minutes and mile.

ELSPETH FERGUSON, of York, has been awarded the Henry Dixon trophy as Yorkshire's outstanding swimmer of the year.

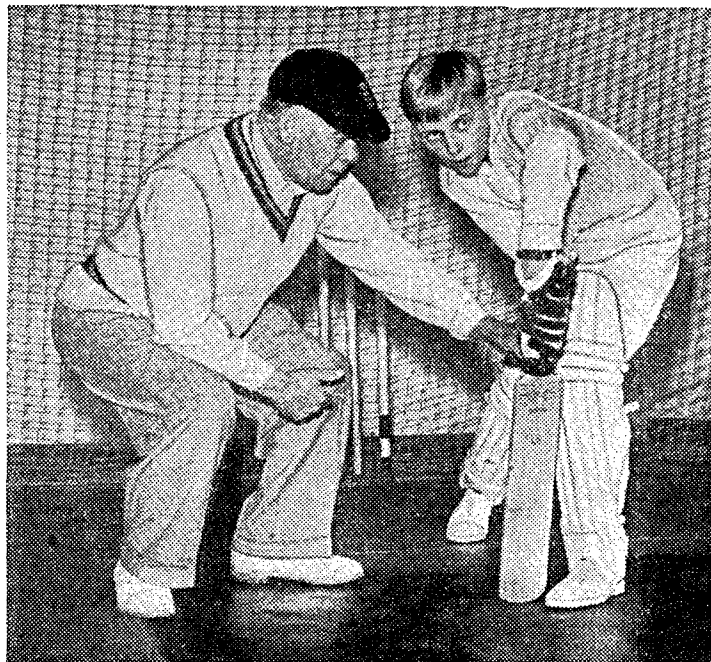


Well over the bar

Valerie Bird, who comes from Banstead, is Intermediate Surrey Women's High Jump Champion. This 16-year-old member of the Hercules Athletic Club is now in training to do even better next season.

BISHOP VESEY'S GRAMMAR SCHOOL, Sutton Coldfield, must be one of the finest Rugby schools in the country. Their record this season is quite outstanding, and on one Saturday recently the five school XV's scored exactly 200 points in winning all their matches. Peter Robbins, the Oxford and England forward, and John Young, the sprinter, both played their first Rugby at Bishop Vesey's.

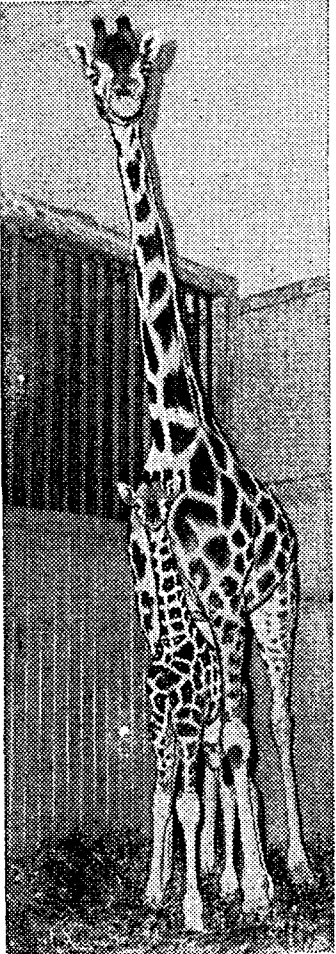
CRICKET will be to the fore this Christmas: the first Test between South Africa and England starts at Johannesburg on Christmas Eve, and after one day's break, continues on Boxing Day. England have not won at Johannesburg since the Christmas Test of 1927, although in the 18 matches played in that city the countries are all-square, with six victories each, and six games drawn.



Master and pupil

The great **Patsy Hendren** might well be known as one of the Old Masters, at any rate in Middlesex, which he so often represented. Michael Regan of Harrow County School is having a lesson at the cricket school which Patsy has opened at South Harrow.

The Children's Newspaper, December 29, 1956



Long look

Terry, the baby giraffe at London Zoo, has been named after Terry Spinks, the fly-weight boxer who won an Olympic gold medal for Britain.

AFRICAN CHIEF'S GIFT TO UNIVERSITY

Mzimune, a Rhodesian tribal chief, has given nearly £2000 to the University College of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. To celebrate the event his tribe, the Metshetshe, gave a feast which was attended by the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, Mr. R. S. Garfield Todd.

"My people have thought over this," said Mzimune at the presentation ceremony. "The Government has helped us, but we have not yet helped them..."

A neighbouring chief said that Mzimune had set an example for all to copy. The Principal of University College, Dr. Walter Adams, told the Africans that the cheque was "the most exciting, the most dramatic gift that we have had."

BRISTOL MEETS THE SKINK

In a Bristol pet shop a giant South African skink has been helping to raise money for Hungarian refugees. Eighteen inches long, the skink is a short-legged lizard with crocodile-like scales. This one is on view with other queer creatures, including a five-foot boa-constrictor, a flying fox from India, a baby crocodile, and a Japanese salamander. Visitors have been paying sixpence to see this improvised zoo, and the money has been sent to the Lord Mayor's Fund.

The reptiles for the show were provided by a lady who likes snakes as pets, and once kept a python in her house.

IT HAPPENED THIS WEEK

Scotland flouts King James's order

DECEMBER 25, 1618. EDINBURGH—Scenes of open defiance against King James's interference with religious observances were witnessed throughout Scotland today.

Christmas Day was one of the five days in the year recently listed by the General Assembly as a day when everyone must go to church, but the order was openly flouted. Only a handful of people obeyed. In Edinburgh's High Street shopkeepers not only opened their booths and went on trading, but strutted about the street while the service was being held in the church of St. Giles.

The order making church attendance compulsory throughout

Scotland on Christmas Day, Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Ascension Day, and Trinity Sunday was made by the General Assembly which met at Perth this year under King James's command.

Bribes and threats induced its members to approve what are known as the Five Articles of Perth.

Presbyterians throughout Scotland were already distressed by the king's conduct when he visited Edinburgh last year and attended divine service in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood with music from a new £400 organ, chanting of boy choristers, and ministers wearing white Anglican surplices instead of black Geneva gowns.

Home from Persia

DECEMBER 26, 1746. LONDON—Mr. James Brown, the London merchant who sailed to the East five years ago to open up trade with Persia, arrived home today after many adventures.

In July 1741 Mr. Brown made an agreement with 24 merchants of London to act as their chief agent to carry on trade with Persia by way of Russia. In the autumn of that year he sailed down the Volga to Astrakhan, and went by way of the Caspian Sea to Resht, in Persia.

There he established a factory and travelled in state to the camp of Nadir Shah, carrying to that potentate a letter from King George II. This Shah was the war-

like ruler who seven years ago invaded India and carried off the famous Peacock Throne.

Mr. Brown was already an experienced traveller when he set out on his great quest. He was only 13 when he went to Constantinople with his father, and there he learned Turkish, Greek, and Italian. While in Persia he studied the language and compiled a Persian dictionary and grammar.

He states that he has relinquished his position in Persia and left the factory owing to the unsettled state of the country and increasing dangers to property there.

(A year later the Resht factory was plundered and £80,000 worth of property looted.)

Death of Rob Roy

DECEMBER 28, 1734. STIRLING—In his home at Balquhider, a picturesque Highland hamlet on the shores of Loch Voil, north of here, there died today one of the most romantic personages in Britain—Robert Macgregor, who became famous as a kind of Scot-

tish Robin Hood, and was known throughout the north as Rob Roy.

He was born 63 years ago in Glen Gyle, on the shores of nearby Loch Katrine, and when he grew up derived his principle income by demands on neighbour farmers for protecting their cattle.

He joined the Jacobites, and led plundering raids on cattle, but he became a legendary figure in the Highlands, and was reputed to have robbed the rich to give to the poor.

He was captured and imprisoned after the 1715 Jacobite rebellion, but seven years ago he was pardoned, and has since lived as a peaceful subject.

During his last illness an old enemy of his, Maclaren of Inverenty, called to see him. Macgregor, thinking the visitor had come to gloat over his weakness, insisted that his sons should raise him from his bed and dress him in his martial Highland array, and place him in a chair with his claymore and pistols beside him.

Before he died, he commanded his piper to play the lament "I return no more." Throughout the whole of the glen of Balquhider people gathered to hear the latest news about the illness of the much-loved man.

Good cook



Fourteen-year-old Ann Cozens of Ardingly, Sussex, no doubt had a big hand in the preparation of her family's Christmas cakes, for she is an excellent cook. Ann enters all the cookery competitions in her neighbourhood—and usually wins

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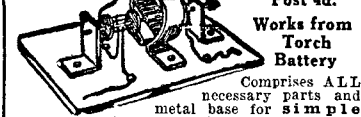
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EDUCATION



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FREE

FUSSY FREDA

FREDA likes turkey, but goose she will not eat;
She is fond of Christmas pudding,
but finds mince pies too sweet.
She will not look at walnuts, yet
thinks brazils are nice;
She adores a strawberry flavour,
but dislikes vanilla ice.
She loves blackcurrant jelly, but
refuses lemon cheese.
Why is it that Freda is so difficult
to please?

THEY SOUND THE SAME

The three answers to this verse
all sound the same. Can you say
what they are?

ALTHOUGH I am an evergreen,

Cropping the grass I may be
seen.

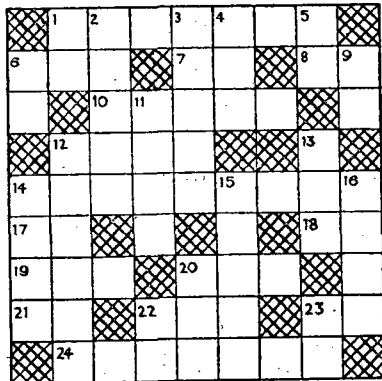
Yet gaze into a mirror clear,

The clue you're seeking will
appear.

The answers to these puzzles are given
in column 5

WHAT AM I?

MY first part is to steal,
Often a great deal.
My second part's not out,
Of that there is no doubt.
My whole's a little bird you hear
When Christmas time is drawing
near.



Hidden in the answers to this week's puzzle
is a seasonal message. Can you find it?

SEEMS REASONABLE

THE old gentleman was trying to
insure his life. "But, sir,"
protested the insurance man, "you
can't expect us to insure you at
the age of 94."

"Why not. Look at the statistics.
Very few people die at 94."

Crossword Puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 Ship.
6 French for 6 Down. 7 Char-
tered Accountant. 8 Ante Meri-
dian. 10 Joyful. 12 Small bay.
14 This week's festival. 17 Be-
hold! 18 In the direction of.
19 Everyone. 20 Belonging to us.
21 Ourselves. 22 Secretary. 23
In a certain place. 24 You are
all one of these.

READING DOWN. 1 Thus. 2
East Indian island. 3 Measures
of land. 4 Spoil. 5 Royal
Academy. 6 Myself. 9 Medical
Officer. 11 Bad. 12 Anger. 13
Headgear. 14 Sharp nail on feet
of birds. 15 Agreement to stop
fighting. 16 Not hard. 20 Oxford
English Dictionary. 22 South
Africa. 23 Roman copper coin.

Answer in column 5

UNCLE JACKO ARRIVES FOR CHRISTMAS

Uncle was coming to spend Christmas, so Jacko, Chimp, and Baby went to meet the train with their armchair sledge. "What a good thing we thought of it," said Jacko when they saw Uncle, for he was laden with presents. He was able to ride in fine style to the Jacko house. "Just like Father Christmas himself," he chuckled.

YOUR OWN CARD

One of the best New Year cards
you can send a friend is one of
your own work. Paste this draw-
ing on a card then colour it.

**HAPPY CHRISTMAS**

THE lights shone forth from the
great, square room

Where the Christmas tree stood
in state,

And the holly and mistletoe decked
the walls,

For this was the Christmas fête.

But little maid Margaret sat and
frowned,

Though for her were the cheer and
light.

"I don't care for Christmas trees,"
she said,

"For I'm all alone tonight."

Then she ran to the doorway and
peeped outside,

And there before her stood
A group of children with faces
thin,

Crowding as close as they could
To the windows of the great,
square hall,

And looking with glad surprise
At the wonderful, sparkling tree
which stood

Before their startled eyes.

For a moment Margaret paused,
and then,

"Come in—come in!" she cried.
And the ragged, wondering little
ones

Trooped joyfully inside.

Their happy faces were pleasant
sights

As one would wish to see,
And Margaret shared her gifts
with them

And enjoyed her Christmas tree.

CHRISTMAS QUIZ ANSWERS

1. In 1840 when Queen Victoria and Prince
Albert had one at Windsor Castle.

2. Mistletoe. It was ceremonially cut down
with a gold sickle.

3. The word box was formerly used for the
contents of a box, and Christmas Box meant
Christmas present.

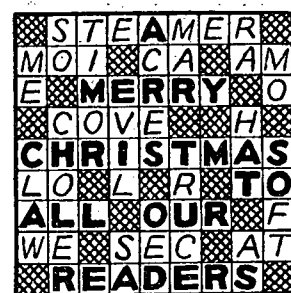
4. January 6 which is supposed to com-
memorate the visit of the Three Wise Men.

5. Bob Cratchit.

6. The words of Silent Night were written in
1818 by Josef Mohr, an Austrian priest. He
gave them to Franz Gruber, for him to set to
music, on the afternoon of Christmas Eve.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Fussy Freda. Freda will only eat things which
contain the letter R
They sound the same. Yew, ewe, you
What am I? Robin

**THE VERY FIRST CHRISTMAS
OF ALL**

AMONG the oxen, goats, and
sheep

A babe was born;
God, lying on a strawy heap
In world forlorn.

Above Him there with haloed head
The Virgin knelt,
And gazed upon His lowly bed
And joy she felt.

And thus, so many years ago,
God gave His Son
That we might live and like Him
grow,
The Chosen One.

THE YEAR'S FAREWELL

"I'm tired!" the Old Year said to
me,

And shook his hoary head.

"Since Nineteen Fifty-Five went
out

I've reigned here in his stead.

For twelve long, weary months
I've toiled,

Doing my very best,

And I feel sure you will agree

That I have earned a rest.

Hark to the bells, I must depart,

My end is very near.

Bid me goodbye, for Nineteen
Fifty-

Seven's almost here!"

STICKY SITUATION

"WHAT would you do if you
went into a post office,
bought a stamp, and asked the
clerk to stick it on for you and
he refused?"

"Stick it on myself, of course."

"I wouldn't. I'd stick it on the
letter."

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY
CLEAR was the light on that
December morn

Whereon the little Prince of Peace
was born,

And all the word was still,
Obedient to His will.

Let us remember whence our
Christmas came,

And mid our mirth give honour to
His name.

BEDTIME TALE**PORTLY-PARKER CHRISTMAS PARTY**

CHRISTOPHER hung the last paper
chain across the playroom,
then picking up the two cats, he
carried them down, one under each
arm, to the back door.

"Out you go for your last run
round," he said.

A second later a noisy cat can-
versation began. "Sorry I trod on
you. But how was I to know you
were on the mat," cried Mr. Portly.

"Sorry I
scratched you.
But you might
have looked
where you were
going!" cried
Monty, the next
door cat.

"Monty must
be waiting for
his supper," said
Mummy. "Here
it is, Christopher
—and the next
door key. Ann
has just gone
across the road
with Sally's
supper."

For the owners of both Monty
and Sally were away for Christmas
and the children were feeding the
cats in their own homes, and bed-
ding them down there nightly.

The two were away so long that
Mummy became anxious.

"But the cats were so lonely we
had to stay and pet them," they

said on their return. And Ann
said: "Couldn't Mr. Portly and
Miss Parker give a Christmas party
tomorrow evening and have Monty
and Sally here all evening? That
would cheer them up."

"Very well," Mummy agreed.
"In the playroom, then. And you
must prepare the food."

So Ann and Christopher bought
rock salmon, whiting, and liver,
and gave up the
top milk from
their own supper
cereal. They
spread an old
sheet over the
playroom carpet
and collected up
a pair of steps,
string, crackly
paper, and a
ping-pong ball.

Then they
fetched Sally and
Monty.

They played
"Climb the Steps
and Find the
Fish."

And "Catch the Crackly
Paper on the string and Get the
Liver Tit-bit out." They finished
with "Bounce it Back" up and
downstairs with the ball.

Then they had bowls of top
milk and a nap, with the visitors
on the children's laps, before the
happy Sally and Monty were taken
home.

JANE THORNICROFT

**Top of the tree**

Young Beverley climbs to the top of the Christmas tree to
fix a doll in readiness for some fun in the nursery at
Dr. Barnardo's Garden City, Woodford Bridge, Essex.